

MAGAZINE





The Secret's Out!

I've heard it said, and heard it read,
That put to any test,
Of all the mites a woman writes,
Her "P.S." is the best.
Though why the best, none ever
guess'd,

Nor saw a secret there,
Until a maid in mischief laid
The women's secret bare—

That P.S. means

➔ Pears' Soap





ARCHIE
GUNN'S
POSTER

ADVERTISING

"ZAZA"

AT

THE

GARRICK

THEATRE.



CHOLLIE FLIPPE—Did you hear that poor Bobbie Von Peel got full last night and was run over by a hansom?

FLOSSIE FLIPPE—That was a horse on Bobbie, wasn't it?

833

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B. J. Falk,
New
York.



BONNIE
MAGINN
IN
A
HAPPY
MOOD.

Broadway Magazine



Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, N.Y.

BONNIE MAGINN.
The new Broadway girl of the month.

BONNIE
MAGINN
AS
A
JULIET
IN
TIGHTS

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W.
SHAKESPEARE.

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MISS CISSIE FLAREUPPE SINGING: "LET ME WHISPER WORDS OF LOVE."

This picture of Miss Flareuppe was drawn by our special artist, Mr. Bibbington de Tucker, at the Roundup Theatre. Miss Flareuppe was caught in the act of whispering, and ages to come will now have pictorial record of her efficiency in that direction.

Broadway Magazine.



Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, New York.

Mrs. JAMES K. HACKETT (Mary Manning).



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

Mr. JAMES K. HACKETT.

Photographic proof that marriage makes possible an evolution of facial expression.

Broadway Magazine.



From photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

"F. NOKES."

That's what it says on the back of the original photograph which was received at this office just as the BROADWAY MAGAZINE was going to press. It was so striking that we rushed it through before we had time to discover who "F. Nokes" was; and there you are. Isn't it a thrilling story?



Kate Tracey. Mrs. Carter. Annie Summerville.

SCENE FROM FIRST ACT OF "ZAZA," SHOWING LIFE BACK OF THE CURTAIN AT A FRENCH PROVINCIAL MUSIC HALL.

In the Wings.

(From flashlight photograph by Joseph Byron, New York).



SCENE IN SECOND ACT OF "ZAZA."

ZAZA GETS READY TO GO SEE HER LOVER, *BERNARD DUFREYNE*, OFF TO PARIS

(From flashlight photograph by Joseph Byron).



MRS. LESLIE CARTER MAKING UP IN THE FIRST ACT OF "ZAZA."

This dressing room scene fills half the stage picture when the curtain goes up on the play.

(From a flashlight photograph by Joseph Byron, New York).

"ZAZA"

BROADWAY'S LATEST SENSATION

"ZAZA" and Mrs. Leslie Carter form unquestionably the most remarkable duo of the season.

"Zaza" is French in every line, every idea and every scene, and the original could scarcely have been evolved by an American playwright. I must plead guilty to an intense ignorance regarding the personality of the authors, MM. Simon and Berton. They have, however, my most enthusiastic admiration.

Zaza is a vivacious, talented, uneducated and unconventional singer in a French Provincial concert-hall. She has been kicked up, and perhaps the only man who has not made love to her is *Cascart*, her singing partner. There appears upon the scene *Bernard Dufrene*. He is interesting and good looking and not too young. *Zaza* fairly throws herself at him. There is no mistaking her infatuation. She does not wish to have any one mistake it. This is in the first act.

In Act II. *Zaza* and *Bernard* are living a life of calm and placid happiness in a box of a house in the woods of Saint Étienne. She is more madly in love with him than ever. She is perfectly content to be his mistress. She sees no future, she looks no farther than the present. Then *Cascart* comes and tells her that *Bernard* has a wife and child in Paris. She sees no reason why a wife should have

any claim on the *Bernard* she loves so well.

Act III. takes *Zaza* to the house of *Madame Dufrene*. Everything in *Bernard's* real home is so much more tidy and impeccable than her own careless Bohemian dove-cote that she is infuriated. *Bernard's*

child makes her appearance. She is a sweet little thing with all the ingenuousness of the child, and she has *Bernard's* eyes. *Zaza* is swerved from her purpose. She cannot now confront *Madame Dufrene*. The wife comes into the room. *Zaza* is abashed and leaves the house without making a scene.

In Act IV. *Zaza* is back again at St. Étienne. The smiles have left her lips. Only the light of unutterable despair is in her eyes. Then the feverish flush of a new determination fills her entire being. She will keep *Bernard* to herself. He comes in and says that he must go to America and will be gone several months. She fiercely upbraids him. There is a terrible scene in which she lies and tells him that, she has told his wife all. He curses her for a wanton, and then begs her forgiveness, when she tells him the truth. But she is filled with a wild, tempestuous wrath, and in a scene that for intensity has rarely been equalled on any stage she drives him from the house. But it has cost her dearly. And the curtain goes down on a panting, hopeless, terrified woman.

In Act V. we have the exterior of the Concert des Ambassadeurs in Paris. *Bernard*, who has been to America and is now standing outside the entrance, hears of the immense success that *Zaza* has won. He fondly hopes she will come back to him. She comes out all in white. She is less now the she-devil than the woman. She is calm and her face shows the glow of the light that comes only with resignation. *Bernard* speaks to her. She is startled, but does not lose her self-possession. She tells him to go back to his wife and child. As for herself, there is nothing but the sweet memories of other days. These will suffice her, and so they say good-by for always and the curtain goes down.

It is all very strik



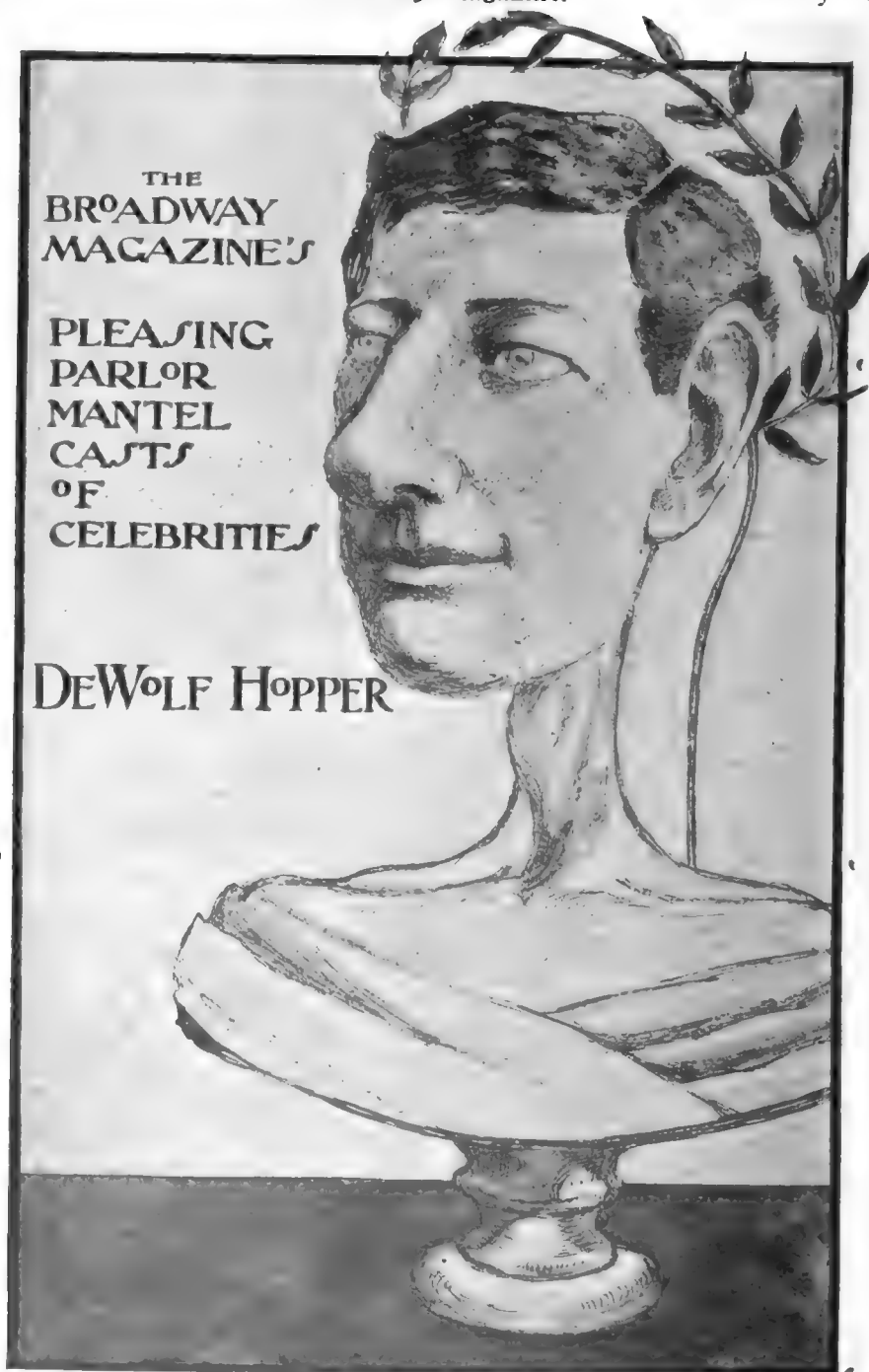
Photo by Sarony New York City.
MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

ing and trenchant and beautiful. It is a play that could never be written by a stage-craftsman with a foot rule.

"Zaza" without Mrs. Leslie Carter might very easily lose much of its forceful strength. She makes of the central figure a living, breathing palpitant creature who can live and love and suffer jealousy and remorse. In the first act she plays a *Zaza* of the streets, who has been brazenly veneered by the calcium of the foot-lights. There is no mistaking this *Zaza*. Her eyes sparkle, her teeth gleam; she loves, she hates and she lives the life of the careless butterfly. By a carefully worked out series of transitions Mrs. Carter develops from a vulgarian to a sweet-voiced *Zaza* of the last act. R. B. H.



Cascari tells *Zaza* that her lover has a wife and child



DRAWN BY J. PIEBOLD GUTHERINGTON,
The celebrated portrait painter of Redbank, N. J.

JOHN DREW

A
BIRD'S
EYE
VIEW
OF
THE
ONLY
REAL
SOCIETY
ACTOR
ON
BROADWAY.

PICTURED
BY
B. BENJAMIN
BARTHOLOMEW
BJINKS,
OF
YONKERS,
N.Y.





FROM PALPITANT LIFE BY GEORGE GORGIOUS GORDON.

And not such a caricature at that.



Photograph by Sarony, New York City.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER AS WILLIE WILDWAVE.

THE UNDRESSING OF EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING MRS. HOPPER AS SHE APPEARS
DURING HER DRESSED MOMENTS.

ALL New York has been discussing Edna Wallace Hopper and her nightly appearance in "La Belle Hélène" at the Casino.

Mrs. Hopper is a clever little woman with a chirrupy voice, a gladsome smile and a daintly rounded form. You remember her in "El Capitan," no doubt. In this she played the sou-brette part, and played it breezily, humorously and well. She did not rely upon any particular dressing or undressing to bring her into prominence.

Then came "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Mrs. Hopper had a prom-

inent part and startled the town by coming out on the opening night in tights that showed the lines of her figure in such an essentially open-faced manner as to win the admiring plaudits of every man in the house. It will be remembered that the front page of the September number of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE was a reproduction of Mrs. Hopper as she appeared in the "Yankee Doodle Dandy." It was a big hit.

Next, Mrs. Hopper appealed to us through her performance in "La Belle Hélène." Every dramatic critic



FOUR NEW PICTURES OF EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

By Ye Rose Studio, Providence, R. I.

in New York called attention to Mrs. Hopper's costume, which succeeded in stimulating an interest in a production which otherwise would scarcely have been won. A critic went so far as to describe minutely the details regarding this anatomical display, and so vividly picturesque was his descrip-

tion that his managing editor called him down swift and hard the next day.

The pictures shown herewith are meek, mild and altogether harmless compared with those we might present were we to show Mrs. Hopper as she appeared in "La Belle Hélène."



OUR GREAT PUZZLE PICTURE.

Find Cholly Blazzay, the young man who has just inherited \$100,000 in negotiable bonds ; also, find the girl who is glad bonds are negotiable.



THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE IS ISSUED IN ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA ON THE 25th DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION.

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Vol. II.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 12.

We are a year old. Don't kick up your heels, beat your wife or indulge in a case of brain fever just because we make this announcement. In fact, we don't expect you to do anything except perhaps read this paragraph and know how tickled to death we are with ourselves

* * *

You see, it is now a year ago since we were told by our loving friends and our warmest enemies that the BROADWAY MAGAZINE would last exactly three months. It lasted these three; then we were given six months. We fooled them again and now the BROADWAY MAGAZINE at the end of its first year is generally acknowledged by those who are pleased and by those who are not to be a publication that has

made a name and a niche for itself. And we would like to announce right here, once and for all, absolutely and without reservation, that we are in the race to stay. We are not pleasing everybody. We don't intend to. We know, however, that a large proportion of the public is buying us every month and giving us a wider distribution and a larger circulation than any magazine of a

light, fluffy character that has ever been started in this country.

* * *

We haven't traveled a nice, easy, velvet carpeted road. People haven't been strewing flowers in our path or putting hassocks at our feet and asking us if we are tired. The public is very apt to be cold, austere and neglectful. It isn't getting up with a dark lantern in the morning or worrying about the success or the failure of a publication. The simple truth is that we made an impression at the start, deepened and broadened it with each successive issue and now at the end of our first year we find ourselves next door to Easy Street and rapidly making our way towards that delightful thoroughfare. And now that we have had our

NOW READY!

VOLUME II.

OF

**Broadway
Magazine.**

A Striking Book
for Those Who
Love Sparks.

See announcement in advertising pages.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S

Calendar for March, 1899.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

little say about ourselves, we will pass on to other more serious subjects and handle them in our usual dignified and serious manner.

* * *

Mr. Sharkey's friends say that Mr. Fitzsimmons much resembles a baboon. Mr. Fitzsimmons' friends assert that Mr. Sharkey is like unto a gorilla. If the late respected Mr. Darwin were with us he would probably give the decision to both, and the public would make never a kick.

* * *

Moore, the badger gentleman who did a whole lot of things to Mr. Mahon's features, dignity and pocketbook,

says mournfully that the newspapers convicted him. If this is so, the world at large should sing psalms of praise to the yellowest of the ochre outfit. Mr. Moore is an energetic and enterprising person, but he is a trifle too much given to violence to be of everyday service.

* * *

George Hastings, a New York advertising agent, made a somewhat spectacular leap into fame by going to Monte Carlo and leaving behind him something like \$150,000 in debts, some of his creditors being the New York *Herald*, *Journal*, *World*, *Sun* and the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. You see,

we're in pretty cosey company. We don't feel half as sorry for ourselves as we do for a man who prefers Europe and unpaid bills to America and Broadway. If Mr. Hastings makes his appearance in our neighborhood we promise to show him the error of his ways and to minutely describe his appearance after we have finished with him.

* * *

Olga Nethersole was a failure in "The Termagant" at Wallack's Theatre. Mrs. Leslie Carter was an immense hit in "Zaza" at the Garrick Theatre. This failure and success were due more to the stars than to the plays.



Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

CRISSIE CARLYLE, A RING, A CLOAK AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

You will note that Miss Carlyle seems to have just come in from a spin in the park ; at least, so we should judge from her winter wrap. Why she should wear her hair a la Little Lord Fauntleroy and leave her shining white neck bare to the furies of the wind we cannot explain. It is a secret shared only by the photographer and Miss Carlyle herself



Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston Mass.

A NEW PICTURE OF CRISSIE CARLYLE, THE COY AND SHRINKING
CASINO BEAUTY.



JUST A FEW YARDS OF SKIRTS.



AT THE ARION BALL.

TWO POSTER DESIGNS BY HOWARD SOMERVILLE.



THREE DANCERS AND THE CAT.

SOME SOMERVILLE POSTERS.

With late and striking examples of his work reproduced exclusively in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Howard Somerville is the name of a clever English artist who recently came to America, and whose poster work has already attracted considerable attention.

There is nothing of the dabbler about Mr. Somerville. He works in broad colors, and each picture seems to mean something. His women have life and motion, and his lines possess the elements of strength and forcefulness. His people always seem to be going somewhere. His girls are usually on the run, and his men seem perfectly willing to become part of this moving phantasmagoria.

While Mr. Somerville's black and white is slashing and breezy, his color work is especially striking. He uses reds in a thoroughly unabashed manner, and he is never sparing of his paints. He is prodigal in all he attempts, and there is usually a virility in his pictures that demands instant attention.

Mr. Somerville is bound to be heard from later. No man who has his boldness can long remain unnoticed.

TALES OF BROADWAY.

No. XII.—IN WHICH GARTERS ARE TRUMPS.

By GORDON PALMER.



"I take it all back, Til. You are a fool."

IT was 7.30, and Millie was ready for the first act—something that would have prostrated the stage manager had he known. Tillie was working away with the rouge. She was placid.

Millie was talkative. She always felt that way after a late lunch at the Claremont. George was a prodigious buyer of old labels.

"Tillie," said she, just to hear herself talk, "I hear that you have been shocking the town by your actions with young Jack Gunter. Shock 'em again, say I." You see Millie was no preacher.

Tillie stopped rouging long enough to reply: "Funny, isn't it, that Jack is almost the only man who has taken me out a dozen times without even kissing me?"

Millie sniffed, "Go tell that to your grandmother," said she pleasantly. "Any girl who could refuse to let Handsome Jack kiss her is either an icicle or a fool. You're neither."

Tillie smiled. "Thanks, Millie; listen. Jack took me home in a cab the other night. We had been up to Shanley's, and Jack was feeling—well, you know how good wine affects men. He tried to kiss me. I told him not to be foolish." She smiled.

"I hadn't kept him off a month for nothing, you know. He made all kinds of silly—and bold—breaks. In fact, if it had been three years earlier I would say he was insulting. The next day he called and asked if he had made a fool of himself. I said he had

and he tried to look sorry. Then he took from his pockets a pair of——"

"Um," said Millie defiantly. "Men always think they can win a woman with a sickly pair of gloves."

Tillie went on: "I was about to say something about a pair of beautiful diamond studded garters. He said they were mine if—well, Millie, you know the old condition."

"And of course you allowed him to put them on."

"Not much, I didn't," said Tillie. "I slapped his face and he left me all broken up."

"I take it all back Til. You are a fool.

first have to win that right by making me Mrs. — well, say Mrs. Gunter."

"What!" gasped Millie again. "You asked him to marry you?"

"I say, Millie, that's not really a nice way to put it. However, the point is that Jack——"

"Asked you to marry him, eh?"



IT—I see that Jack Dubbe has bought Florrie a jeweled watch and she has known him only two days.

SHE—Of course; Florrie never loses time if she can help it.

Now you've lost the best looking man in town and——"

"Just a moment, dear girl. The same day a messenger came with the garters and there were no conditions."

"Let's see them, Tillie." Millie was interested now. She liked gewgaws.

"I sent them back by the same boy," said Tillie complacently.

Millie gasped.

"I also," continued Tillie, "sent a long letter—carefully punctuated with blotches that looked like tears—saying that I saw no excuse for the liberty he had taken——"

"Tillie, I repeat that you are a fool," chirped Millie. The fact was she was thoroughly disgusted with Tillie. "And added further," went on the other, "that the man who could present me with garters would

"Well, this ring isn't quite as showy as a pair of garters, but it tells a story." And she smiled.

"But say, Til," and Millie burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "You say Jack never kissed you in a cab. What if he hears about your affair with Dick? Gee, but that was a torrid one. Not even a kiss"—and she exploded again.

Tillie looked serious. Then she said: "I truly love Jack. Dick is in Nevada for good, I'm sure, and you're my friend. Now how could Jack find out?"—and there was somewhat of entreaty in her pretty voice.

Millie jumped down and went over to Tillie. "He couldn't," she said in a voice that was sincere.

Then she looked into the eyes of Tillie and repeated with warmth: "Not on your life!"



Photograph by Bets, Baltimore, Md.

RITA DURAND,

Address, care "KNICKERBOCKERS," THE ROAD, U. S.

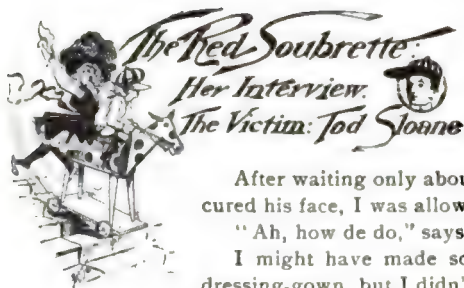
That's where you will find Miss Durand every night in the week and occasionally on Sunday when those refined burlesquers, the "Knickerbockers," play in Chicago and other benighted cities. Miss Durand does not play Mrs. Hawhaw, a society woman, of 1111 Fifth Avenue, New York. We make this statement in case you are deceived by the photograph.



Photographs by Kuebler, Philadelphia, Pa.

HELEN LORD, THE NEW "BELLE OF NEW YORK"

Miss Lord was a chorus girl at the Casino last season when Edna May went to London and gave heart disease to the Johnnies. Manager Lederer looked around for a girl to play the part of the Salvation Lass on the road. His eye struck Miss Lord, who is plump and pleasing and can sing. She can also frivol with her skirts and in other ways make the men in the front row show a new and lively interest in life. When Miss Lord first came to New York she was hailed as a new beauty.



S-A-Y, I didn't do a thing to Tod Sloane. I knew Tod Sloane when he didn't have any silk Pajamas or gold cigarette cases. So when I called at his hotel to get his views on free silver and things I wasn't prepared for any long waits.

After waiting only about forty-five minutes while Tod's barber manicured his face, I was allowed to send up my name on a silver platter.

"Ah, how de do," says he when I made my crimson appearance.

I might have made some flippant remarks about his upholstered dressing-gown, but I didn't.

"Tod," say I, "tell me something about yourself! There hasn't been anything about you in the papers since the *World* devoted two pages to your night-gowns and the *Journal* printed ten photographs of your neckties. The public is getting impatient."

"Well," says he with his fine classic Hoosier accent, "I've just closed with Lord Jiggersaw to ride his horses next year in England and my friends, Lorillard, Whitney, Daly and a couple of the Vanderbilts, are trying to raise enough money to induce me to ride here in a few races next summer. I'm thinking it over." And as he thought he took a fifty dollar bill from a bunch on the centre table and lighted a fourteen dollar cigar with it. "Are you going to get married, Tod?" I asked innocently.

He gave a start as if the question bothered him. Then he went over to a corner and fished out an album as big as himself. He opened it up for me and asked plaintively "How can I? They all want me, but I'm not a Congressman from Utah, you know."

Each picture was carefully numbered and indexed. I found that the ages, complexions, habits and general pedigrees of the originals were carefully preserved in other books of the same size in the Sloane family library. "Here's the latest picture I have received from my female admirers," said Tod, pointing carelessly to the picture of a stunning blonde in diamonds and a grin. "She wants me to elope

with her at three o'clock to-day, but I've got an appointment with my cigarette maker and can't get there. Besides, I don't like blondes as well as I used to," and he looked at me and sighed. I wonder what he meant.

"Tod," says I, "how do you keep your weight down?"

"Easy," says he. "I box and—sa-ay," says Tod, as if a great thought struck him, "did you ever box?"

(Did I ever box! Didn't I tell you last month I belonged to the gymnasium class in the Y. W. C. A.?)

"Oh, not much," and I smiled like an open door. "But I'll put on a pair of gloves just to help you out."

We squared off. Tod was real cute and he looked almost like a man as he struck at the feathers in my hat. I toyed with him for about five minutes and then I gently pushed my left in his face, knocked him over against the upright piano, and sent him through the dashboard, where his anatomy struck the wires and played "She's Got Me on a String" with double bass accompaniment. Gee, but it was fun! And Tod grinned through it all, which made me think he was a real sport. I palled him out and brushed him off as the clock struck three.

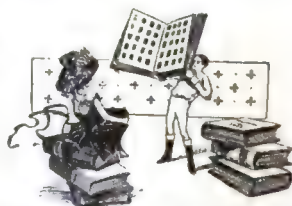
"Great Scott," he panted, "I must get into the saddle for a half hour. Now I'll give you an imitation of a monkey climbing a tree." He rang for two cocktails and his horse. I didn't know whether it was to be an iron grey or a smoked blue, but it happened to be a saw-horse.



"I might have made flippant remarks about his upholstered dressing gown."



Took a fifty dollar bill from a bunch * * * and lighted a fourteen dollar cigar with it.



"They all want me, but I'm not a Congressman from Utah"

"I had him foaled especially for me at the carpenter shop around the corner," volunteered the little fellow. "He's warranted kind, and old maids with eight-day faces needn't be afraid of him."



"Knocked him over against the upright piano and sent him through the dashboard."

when Tod jumped aboard, handed me a whip, yelled 'Git ap, Domino,' and commenced to prance around the room like a matinee actor getting away from his wife's process-server. I cracked the whip and Domino stood up on his hind legs and did a song and dance while Tod tried to climb over his head and gave his aforesaid imitation of a monkey.

When it was all over and Domino had broken all indoor records from two hundred yards up, Tod excused himself for a moment.



"We'll go out and show the town a thing or two."

"You see," says he, "my jeweller is coming this afternoon to take my measure for a new set of diamond studs. After that I'll dress and take my walk. Wait and I'll let you share some of the street with me."

I waited. Then I waited some more, after which I heard a large thick noise approaching and through the door came a silk hat and a cream colored prince albert with something inside. After much searching I found it was Tod.

"Come on, 'Sou,'" he says as pleasant as a spring day. "We'll go out and show the town a thing or two."

And we did. But at the corner of Twenty-fifth street and Broadway I sneaked. When someone rudely remarked that it was a shame for me to dress my little son in that way, I thought it was time to quit. But Tod is all right. He's a little scarce as to weight, perhaps, but how about those albums? Ask Tod yourself.



"Git ap, Domino."

THE RED SOUBRETTE.



7 p. m.



8.30 p. m.



9.30 p. m.



10.30 p. m.

THE EVOLUTION OF MISS CISSY LOULOU.

"THE GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY."

HOW MME. SAVILLE OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE LOST A FEW PECKS OF PRECIOUS STONES.

"**L**OST—\$22,000 in gems."
The town was almost startled; it almost gasped.

But it didn't quite.

You see, New York had heard before of stories which told how actresses and singers had been robbed of handfuls of diamonds.

But the clerk of the Madison Avenue Hotel swore that she lost them; detectives swore that she lost them, and Mme. Saville herself, in a choking voice and limp manner, gave the facts of the robbery with such close attention to details that the public was prone to believe that perhaps, after all, she had lost something somewhere.

Mme. Saville's inventory of the articles lost resembled a jeweler's catalogue. But New York, notwithstanding the scare headlines in the daily papers, went about its business without being forced to bed with nervous prostration, and seemed to have made up its mind not to worry very much about the gems. The case might have been forgotten had it not been announced that Mme. Saville's personal following, outside of relatives, friends, and casual visi-



Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, New York.

Mme. FRANCES SAVILLE,
The lady who lost her diamonds.

tors, consisted of a maid, a courier, a chambermaid and a waiter.

Now, Mme. Saville is a modest little home body with a very nice voice, a very nice manner, and the ability to please grand opera audiences. She has never been addicted to ostentation.

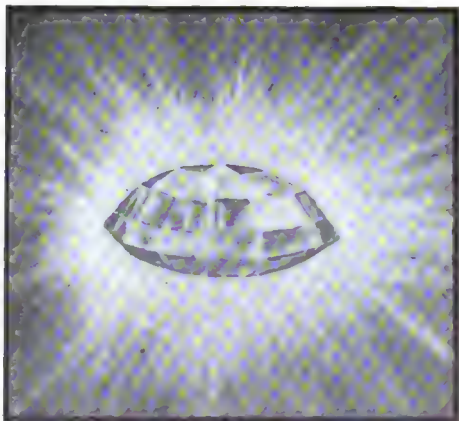
The problem, therefore, is this: If Mme. Saville was able to lose \$22,000 worth of jewelry with only a maid, a courier, a chambermaid and a waiter to help her, how much could she have lost with three maids, five couriers, seven chambermaids, nine waiters and a messenger boy?

This is a problem on ordinary proportion that should excite the interest of every thinking man in the country.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

"I think we have met before."

"Quite likely; I used to be a bill collector."



Exact size, drawn from life, of one of the diamonds stolen from Mme. Saville.



"This letter proves the society belle to be nothing more nor less than a sickly Jezebel."

ALIMONY FOR ONE.

By C. B. DRAYTON,

"YES, Daisy," said the pretty bride of a week, as she tinkled her gold spoon in the rose-petal cup of Oolong, "I have made up my mind to forswear gossip in every form, and I am going to keep my word, mark that, whatever happens."

"Delightful!" said the gentle listener, a dainty Watteau beauty of *chic* and piquant charm and just a bit of a flirt, crunching a wafer between her

teeth. "I do hope you will be successful, dear. But gossip is so insidious a bacillus nowadays, one falls into the habit without realizing till it is too late."

"Yes, and then there is the very dickens to pay. But I vow that nothing shall tempt me to break my resolve—no, not even the scandalous goings-on of the Dalrymple black sheep with that blond widow from

Boston, who smokes real cigars and takes midnight jaunts through the park in a closed carriage alone with men whose reputation is—well—not the saintliest."

"And you certainly shall be rewarded!" said the sweet girl. "Gossip is so low and banal in our generation. I was saying as much to Mabel Ambrough only yesterday—you remember Mabel, the dainty brunette who is forever cycling by the avenue club-windows in a high wind and without top boots, and all because she thinks she has the shapeliest ankle in New York, and who was caught kissing that old French *roué* in the Jimson conservatory the other night during a violin *obligato*—perhaps, even making a date. No young lady of *her* stamp would entirely agree with me."

"No, indeed. She's too far lapsed for that, the mischief-maker. But really it is perfectly awful the way people in society talk of one another."

"And without meaning to be tale-bearing either."

"Exactly. Now, just to show you what a terrible crime it is to gossip, let me tell you of a perfectly awful conversation I overheard the other night."

"Oh! do, do! I'm so fond of an apt illustration, dear."

"Well, one of the parties was that fresh young banker, Clarkson, and his partner in the gossiping crime was none other than that chemical-complexioned prink of a grass-widow, Miggles, who, they say, is nothing more than an English adventuress, with her picture in more than half the rogues' galleries of the Continent. Well, they had the next box to mine at the Gaiety. I was behind the velvet curtains, you know."

"Do go on, dear."

"Well, just to show you the dangers of gossip, I will tell you what I overheard. Oh! the way they raked everybody in society over the coals was awful. The principal thing, however, was the episode of the finding of a letter at Mrs. Van Bagby's drawing-room during one of her screechy, punch-dreaded musicales."

"What! really, a letter?"

"Yes, a perfectly scandalous mis-sive in which some married man declared his undying devotion to some young woman of the smart set—couldn't catch her name—but she dares to be awfully respectable and all that, poor dear."

"And—and you got their names?"

"Not quite, though I tried to catch them ever so hard."

"W-w-well, go on, go on!"

"You seem awfully nervous over it, dear. But at any rate this letter proved the society belle nothing more or less than a sickly Jezebel."

"Oh! how terrible."

"Yes; it spoke of a secret meeting at noon at the Aquarium, and a luncheon on terrapin and champagne in one of the downtown sky-restaurants as near heaven as they could get, poor things, and then a run to Philadelphia and back in a private car with two deaf-and-dumb waiters to pull corks for them. Oh! it was perfectly awful. Well, just to show you how people will talk and make trouble—"

"Y-y-yes, yes; g-g-go on, dear!"

"Why, what's the matter? You are as pale as death, 'pon my word."

"Oh!—ah!—merely carried away with the excitement of your story, dear. So like a thrilling novel or play, you know. Ha, ha!"

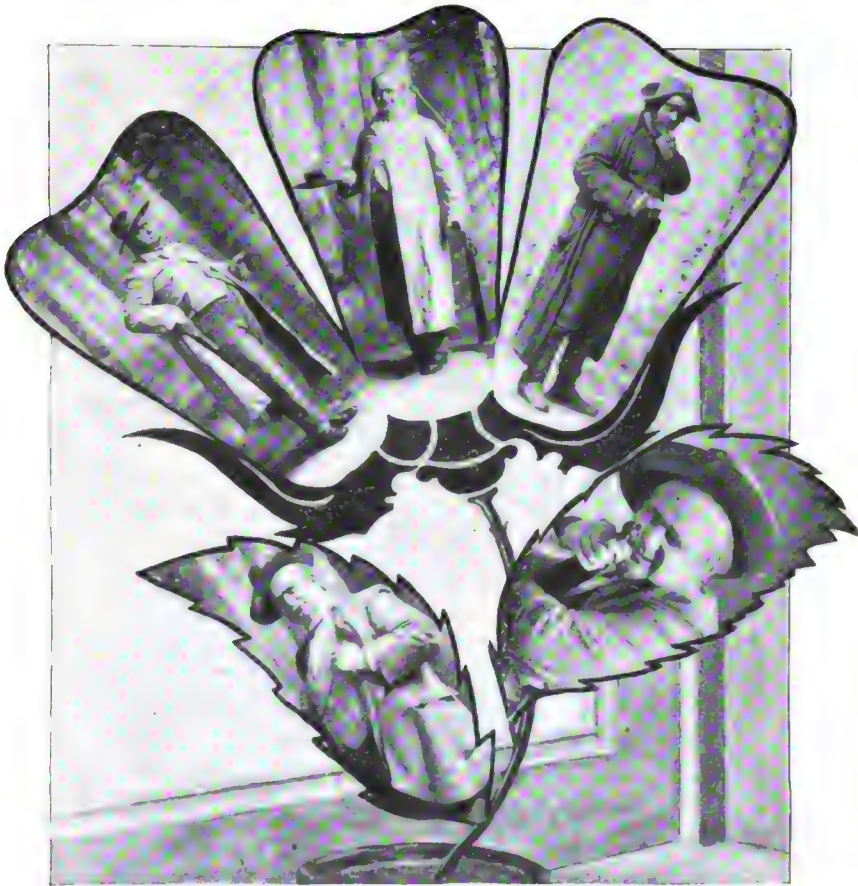
"But it's nothing to go into hysterics over. Why, now you are scarlet as blood. Really, dear, I do hope that the affair of the letter can be no concern of any dear friend of yours—or—or of yourself!"

"B-b-but, what became of the letter? Tell me that, do!"

"There you go again. Poor child! Do you mean to let me infer that it was you who lost that awful scandalous, disgusting, letter in Mrs. Bagby's drawing-room?"

"P-p-please pour me a little more tea—quick!"

"There, there! Calm yourself. You are perfectly safe alone here with me, and I shall never tell a living soul. Out with it like a good girl. It will relieve you so."



THOMAS A. WISE, WHO PLAYS TIMOTHY SALTER IN "THE LAST CHAPTER," BROADHURST'S NEW PLAY.

Mr. Wise plays sheriffs—*Timothy* is one—in a manner at once picturesque and convincing. He left "The Man from Mexico" company to play the principal comedy roll in "The Last Chapter." He has, in the language of the town, "made good." Mr. Wise, by the way, can play roles that have nothing to do with sheriffs. He is a comedian of acknowledged versatility.

"M-m-more tea—more—more—quick!"

"Good heavens! Is the girl going to faint? There! she has swooned dead away. Help, help! Elsie, bring water, quick! Ha! I smell a rat. Slowly I gather the truth. That letter—Oh, that letter! Long have I suspected it; now I know it. Her partner in that scandalous flirtation is—is none other than my own husband. Oh, misery! The world's coming to an end. Snake in the grass, I am going to ring up my law-

yers instantly! You shall answer for this before the whole world. Traitor, ugh!"

And toppling over the tea-table, which crashes to the floor, she herself swoons dead away in the butler's arms, still computing alimony on her fingers.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

MR. FOWLER—Tommy, my son, do you know that it gives me as much pain as it does you when I punish you?

Tommy—Well, there's some satisfaction in that, anyhow.



GIRL-NOT-AFRAID-OF-THE-WIND.

No. 2. BROADWAY TYPES.



From a wash drawing by George B. Luks.

NIGHT SCENE IN HERALD SQUARE, BROADWAY AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET.

GIN FIZZES AND THINGS.

THE MOORES AND SOME OTHERS — No phase of the Moore-Mahon case attracted more attention than the possibility that men high in judicial life were interested in keeping from public view a certain little note book owned by Fayne Strahan Moore. It is a perfectly well known fact that when the Moores were living at a spanking pace in the big hotels of the town they formed acquaintanceships from which they proceeded to abstract as much monetary pap as possible. I can't see for the life of me, by the way, how it was that Fayne Moore succeeded in turning so many gray heads. She has nice fresh eyes, a pretty manner, and then she is out. The Moores certainly raised blazes in New York, and their picturesque careers will not be forgotten for many a long day.

THE ARTISTS AND THE POOR DEVIL. — Those who know anything about New York's so-called Bohemian life rather sympathized with William J. Bahner, the waiter who preferred poison to indiscriminate kicking at

the Artistic Club. This is a little penny-ante organization situated on West Thirtieth street, near Broadway. The organization numbers on its list some men who can draw; also a few who can't. In calibre it is not unlike the old Tenderloin Club, which, however, was considerably more interesting and important than the Artistic Club can ever hope to be. Bahner says that he tried to commit suicide because he couldn't stand the tongue lashings of the members, who tried to appease their thirty dollar appetites with thirty cents. All of which is believable by those who know the resources and the appetites of the Artistic Club habitués.

MANNY FRIEND AND AN "AFFAIR OF HONOR." — That was a great hullabaloo about "An Affair of Honor" at Koster & Bial's. To me it looked like an especially successful bid for free advertising on the part of manager Aarons. This astute gentleman need certainly have had no particular fear of the authorities so far as "An



Photograph by Kuebler, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE THREE STUNNING GIRLS IN FRANK DANIELS' COMPANY.

Affair of Honor" was concerned. In the first place, it wasn't so very bad, and in the second place, Mr. Aarons is so strongly entrenched in any position he may take that it would require extraordinary circumstances to get him into trouble. Manny Friend seems to have struck the nail on the head when he accompanied the two fencing women to court, and told the reporters: "You may tell your readers that this arrest is an outrage, and that the performance will be given just the same this evening and every evening hereafter." And, of course, New York crowded to Koster & Bial's just to see how bad "An Affair of Honor" was, and of course, Mr. Friend didn't know what he was talking about.

THE MAYER GIRL.—Henry Mayer is comparatively a new element in the metropolitan pictorial world. When he first came here from Chicago it took him only a short time to let New York know that he could draw pictures that meant something and were worth looking at. The front page of this issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE shows what Mayer can do. If he never did anything better he would be all right. He is not ashamed to tell you that in Chicago he drew pictures for trade papers and advertisers. Now he occupies a rather unique position in illustrating circles, and comes pretty nearly getting his own prices for the work of the essentially Mayer style (If we were to tell you what we paid for our front page you



AL. LEECH AND "THE ROSEBUDS."

1. Lottie Vincent. 2. Mabel Fuller. 3. Al. Leech. 4. Mollie Moller.

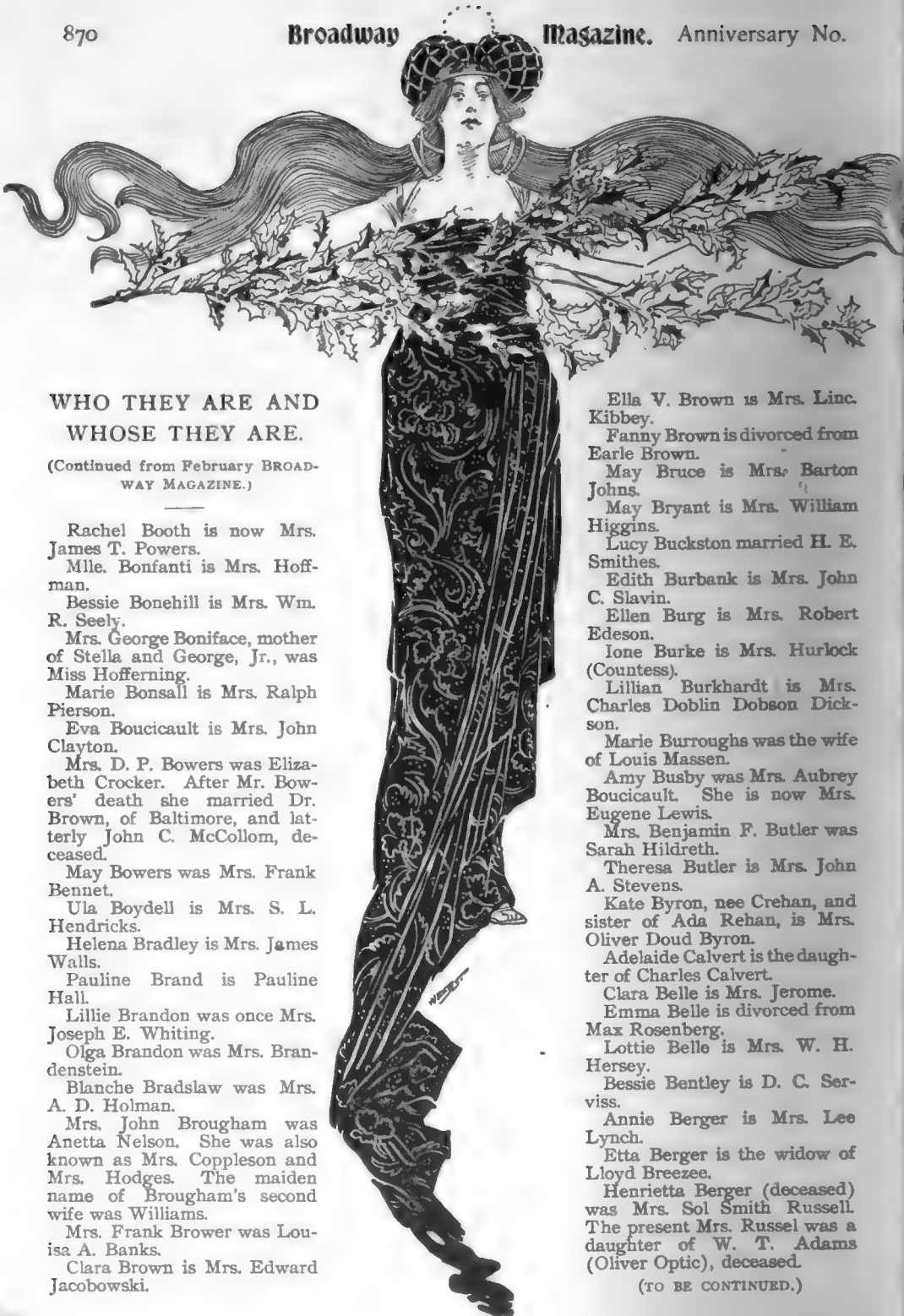
would probably make rude remarks about our veracity.) Mr. Mayer has done work for *Die Fliegende Blätter*. If you don't know what honor this implies, ask any artist. Just another word about Mr. Mayer. If he had not been accepted some years ago as an artist of humorous fancy he might to-day be able to take my advice and stick to the Mayer girl. She's a corker.

LUKS AND HIS CARTOONS.—George B. Luks, whose picture at the beginning of this department betrays an intimate knowledge of New York as she appears when the lights are aglow, is an artist who has also left his imprint upon contemporaneous illustrating. Mr. Luks is rather eccentric; in fact, he does not pretend to be anything else, and in nothing is this eccentricity so strongly marked as in his drawings. Have you ever seen a Luks tramp? If not, you have missed something that would make a mummy smile in its sleep. It is as a

cartoonist, however, that Mr. Luks has won most of his fame. For a long time he was lampoonist-in-chief on the *Sunday World*. When O. H. P. Belmont started *The Verdict* he took over George B., whose unique cartoons have been published in pleasing juxtaposition to the heated railery of Alfred Henry Lewis ever since.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S BLOOM—Lillian Russell certainly must have found the fountain of Eternal youth somewhere on the other side. When she went abroad last year she looked young. This year she looks younger. I saw her in Central Park some days ago, and she looked as fit as a new kid glove. No wonder every man, woman and child she passed stopped to look back at her. I did, and I wasn't ashamed of it. Lillian Russell is so distinctly a blond marvel that every time I meet her I make a note and tell everybody about it.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.



WHO THEY ARE AND WHOSE THEY ARE.

(Continued from February BROADWAY MAGAZINE.)

Rachel Booth is now Mrs. James T. Powers.

Mlle. Bonfanti is Mrs. Hoffman.

Bessie Bonehill is Mrs. Wm. R. Seely.

Mrs. George Boniface, mother of Stella and George, Jr., was Miss Hofferning.

Marie Bonsall is Mrs. Ralph Pierson.

Eva Boucicault is Mrs. John Clayton.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers was Elizabeth Crocker. After Mr. Bowers' death she married Dr. Brown, of Baltimore, and latterly John C. McCollom, deceased.

May Bowers was Mrs. Frank Bennet.

Ula Boydell is Mrs. S. L. Hendricks.

Helena Bradley is Mrs. James Walls.

Pauline Brand is Pauline Hall.

Lillie Brandon was once Mrs. Joseph E. Whiting.

Olga Brandon was Mrs. Brandenstein.

Blanche Bradslaw was Mrs. A. D. Holman.

Mrs. John Brougham was Anetta Nelson. She was also known as Mrs. Coppleson and Mrs. Hodges. The maiden name of Brougham's second wife was Williams.

Mrs. Frank Brower was Louisa A. Banks.

Clara Brown is Mrs. Edward Jacobowski.

Ella V. Brown is Mrs. Linc. Kibbey.

Fanny Brown is divorced from Earle Brown.

May Bruce is Mrs. Barton Johns.

May Bryant is Mrs. William Higgins.

Lucy Buckston married H. E. Smithes.

Edith Burbank is Mrs. John C. Slavin.

Ellen Burg is Mrs. Robert Edeson.

Ione Burke is Mrs. Hurlock (Countess).

Lillian Burkhardt is Mrs. Charles Doblin Dobson Dickson.

Marie Burroughs was the wife of Louis Massen.

Amy Busby was Mrs. Aubrey Boucicault. She is now Mrs. Eugene Lewis.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler was Sarah Hildreth.

Theresa Butler is Mrs. John A. Stevens.

Kate Byron, nee Crehan, and sister of Ada Rehan, is Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron.

Adelaide Calvert is the daughter of Charles Calvert.

Clara Belle is Mrs. Jerome.

Emma Belle is divorced from Max Rosenberg.

Lottie Belle is Mrs. W. H. Hersey.

Bessie Bentley is D. C. Serviss.

Annie Berger is Mrs. Lee Lynch.

Etta Berger is the widow of Lloyd Breeze.

Henrietta Berger (deceased) was Mrs. Sol Smith Russell. The present Mrs. Russel was a daughter of W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic), deceased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Copyright, 1899, by Rockwood, New York.

FLORENCE ROCKWELL IN ONE OF THE TEARFUL ROLES SHE LOVES SO MUCH.

Miss Rockwell would rather cry than smile any day. Fearfully tearful parts are her forte. They say she positively refuses to play a role in which she must smile and look happy. She is, in fact, one of the best little weepers on the American stage.



NELLIE BRAGGINS OF COMIC OPERA RENOWN.

Miss Braggins is what may be technically called a comic-opera soubrette. This fact, however, does not compel her to kick up her heels, turn a triple summersault and break all the rules of good taste and English grammar. Miss Braggins can sing and has been known to act.



Photograph by Schacht, Boston, Mass.

NORMA KOPP WHO HELPS FRANK DANIELS TO AMUSE THE PUBLIC.

Miss Kopp has no illusions. She is perfectly aware of the fact that nature cut her out for comic-opera, and she would not attempt Rosalind or Camille if you were to offer them to her on a silver platter. Therein Miss Kopp shows considerably more common sense than a few other women who throw themselves flamboyantly into the classics.



Photograph by Alma Dupont, New York.

OLIVE OLIVER IN A POSE THAT SUGGESTS GREEK STATUES, THE "ILIAD," AND A LOT OF OTHER THINGS ABOUT WHICH THE PUBLIC DOESN'T CARE A RAP.

Miss Oliver's physical lines, as you are able to discern without guessing too much, are pleasing, and she displays her charms in a manner as candid as it is beautiful and touching. Incidentally Miss Oliver acts very well indeed.

The Two Typewriters

by Percival Pash



You see that contrivance right there? Yes, I mean That thing with the keys—a typewriting machine. Of course, before this there are many you've seen, I wis.

But say, did you ever observe how the noise They make one's complete nervous system destroys! For instance, the ear-drum the rattle employs

Like this:

Pitapatitty, clackity, clickity, clack! Tingaling, tingaling, tickatickity tack! Buzz, buzz, then again with a plickity plack! And *that's* how the typewriter goes!

When a lady stenographer gets a posish, Who's pretty and graceful and all one could wish, If the boss suggests lunch, does she answer with "Pish!"

And frown?

Does she act just as if his suggestion were sin, And recoil in alarm from his amorous grin? Well, may be she does, but it never was in

This town.

No, she gives him a nod as she goes to the wall Where are hanging her coat and her jacket and all, And she says: "I should smile! How about a high ball?"

And *that's* how the typewriter goes!

PERCIVAL PASH.



Photograph by Schacht, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "PHROSO" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

"GIRLS, BEWARE; OR, THE HEART-BREAKERS OF BROADWAY!"

A pictorial novel of thrilling interest.

By various photographers.

BLATANT BOOK MARKS



BY a curious coincidence the first book we picked up for this month's reviews was a new "Birthday Book," compiled from the ballads of Bildad Butterchin, the well-known literary light of Harlem. Opposite each day in the year is a selection from the beautiful books of Mr. Butterchin, each one appropriate to the day. For instance, opposite January 1, we find :

This is the first day of the year :
Resolve oh never to get on your ear !

Opposite February 22, is this :

George Wash. he never told a lie,
But that don't wash with you or I.

And for Christmas Day, we read this beautiful triolet :

Christmas only gets here once a year, hully gee,
Which is particular fortunate, I guess ;
Otherwise we'd get soaked most frequent for presents.

"The Military Code of the United States," published by the War Department and sent to this office for review by a special Government messenger, is sure to be devoured by the country at large. Few official books will be read with as much interest as this, for it has a new department giving directions for the proper amount of scurrilous abuse of a senior officer. The rule is never to call a senior officer a liar ; always call him a——

liar. If a general has any cause for dissatisfaction with a fellow general, he is not to eat his heart out sulking silently. Stand out in the middle of the street and make reflections upon his birth and personal cleanliness. That's the proper way to do. If opportunity occurs for a colonel to throw a pail of street mud in a lieutenant's face, it is never to be missed. A private should also never lose a chance to kick a major-general in the seat of the pants. These are some of the new rules in this book.

A well-written and scholarly treatise is, "How to Poison Your Enemy With Impunity Through the Mail," by an anonymous author, published by the Hydro-Potassium Publishing Co. This little book, though written evidently by one familiar with chemistry, is not so full of technical terms that it cannot be understood of the people. It is tastefully bound in litmus paper and ornamented chastely with designs of strychnine tablets.

TO KATHERINE GREY.

Oh, gentle Katie, tell me why
You strive to make yourself a guy
By wearing in your limpid eye
That monocle atrocious ?

It makes my very soul despair,
That blending of a chilly stare,
With just the proud and cheeky air
Of some small boy precocious.

Bethink you how in former days,
Before you took this horrid craze,
Your gentle eyes before my gaze
Would fall in sweet confusion.

But now your glance is grown so cold,
Nay, so unmaidenly and bold,
I can but hope what I behold
Is but some strange delusion.

Come, cast this latest fad away ;
Be natural and blithe and gay,
And give no one more cause to say
In sad surprise, "Is this you ?"

Ah, don't pretend you do not care,
For while that horrid thing you wear,
By all the gods, I vow and swear
That I will never kiss you !

I. N. O.





MR. KEITH'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

THE MAN WHO MADE HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE POSSIBLE.

B. F. Keith is undoubtedly the man who of all others has made possible the present importance of high-class vaudeville as a factor in American theatricals. It was Mr. Keith who first started the memorable stampede of the legitimate for the continuous performance, for the inauguration and success of which, by the way, he is also directly responsible. His theatres in New York City, Providence, R. I., and Boston, Mass., are in themselves monuments to the energy and genius of the man who so closely notes the pulse of the country. Personally Mr. Keith is simple and unaffected, but his manner has a decision and his eyes a gleam that tell of a firm and steady resolve and an assertiveness that find tangible expression in the work he has so brilliantly accomplished. Mr. Keith lives in Boston where he is a foremost citizen and a man of recognized social and business standing, a fact that may surprise those who look upon theatrical managers as men without much stability.



Advertisements under head of "Personals" must be brought to the office of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE in person, and the "Personal" clerk will converse only with perfect ladies and gents. Bring along your birth certificates and vaccination papers to save de'ay. Rates, as much as we think you'll stand.

LLIB. Wa, og ot lleh !!! YRRAL.

GEOFFREY. Come back to your sorrowing

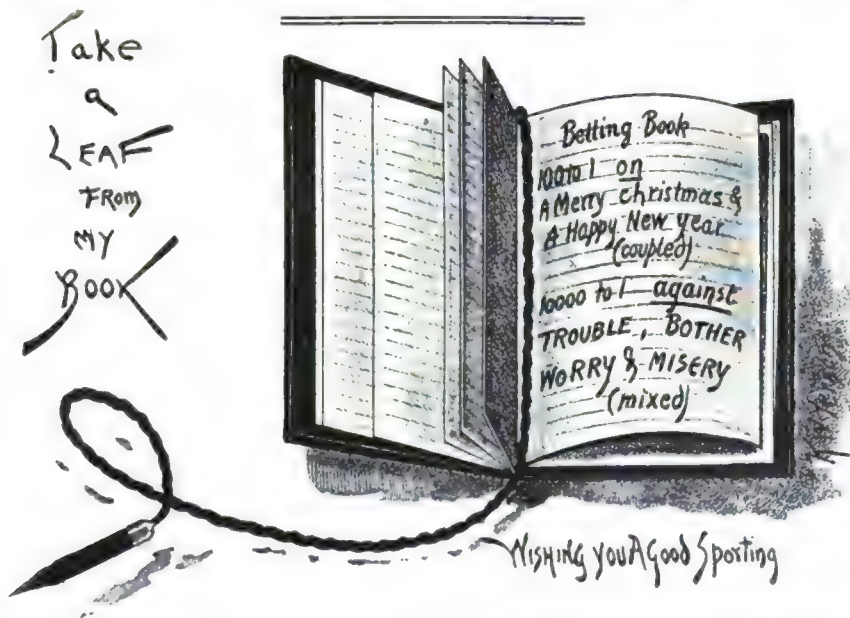
wife. Oh, Geoff., do you realize that the rent is almost due, and I've pawned the washboard? DELIA.

YOUNG MAN, of foreign parentage, would like to borrow \$10,000 from perfectly respectable spinster who can spare it. Will marry said dame as collateral, if desired. N. O. COUNT, Box 10.

ENGLISHMAN, M. A., of Hoxbridge University, will teach the bloody Hinglish haccen in ten lessons, don'tcheknow, hon me word, yaas. Address, HERBERT JACKSON-HOWARD, Pentonville, Hingland.

WANTED: Steel engravings of Washington, Grant, Sherman, Seward and other great Americans. Must be printed on long green slips of paper, with appropriate designs and figures. R. DUFF, Broakville, N. J.

If JOHN SMITH, who married Sarah White in 1880, Dolly Brown in 1883, Flora Robinson in 1885, Minnie Green in 1887, Laura Jones in 1890, and Hattie Humphrey in 1898, and stole about \$100 from each of them, will call at the Criminal Court Building any time during sessions, he will hear of something to the State's advantage. RECORDER GRUFF, Centre Street, N. Y.



A LITTLE BETTING REMINDER FROM THE LAND OF THE ASP AND THE BRUNETTE CLEOPATRA.

This is a reproduction in fac-simile of a card received by a well-known Broadwayite. The envelope bore the post mark of Alexandria, Egypt, which city is quite as friskily-inclined as Cairo, the Midway of the East.



Photograph by Brauneck, New York City.

A NEW YORK GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE A CUBAN BEAUTY.

Her name is Marie Barclay, and she is a born and bred New Yorker. Notwithstanding this fact .
one not knowing would at once declare her to be a perfect type of the womanhood
of which the Cubans are such enthusiastic admirers.



Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, New York.

"WHO'S YOUR DENTIST."

If Miss Belle Gold, whose picture is presented herewith, is not asking this question an immediate apology is due the public. It may be possible that Miss Gold is traveling agent for a shoe house. However, now that we think of it, we don't care very much one way or the other.



Copyright, 1899, by Eddowes, New York.

Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, New York.

A BROADWAY QUIRE.

That is to say, twenty four silhouettes by our eminent collector, Hoffman Aulic.

1. Alfred E. Aarons (photo by Hall). 2. J. H. Benrimo (photo by Schacht). 3. Manon Leighton (photo by Schloss). 4. Guy Nichols (photo by Miner). 5. Olive Berkeley (photo by Schloss). 6. Julia Marlowe (photo by Thors). 7. Blanche Hall (photo by Pike and Harter). 8. Elsie Leslie (Copyright, 1899, by Eddowes). 9. Amy Angeles (photo by Kuebler). 10. Josephine Sabel (photo by Falk). 11. Julia Arthur (photo by Lyonde). 12. Ruth White (photo by Gilbert and Bacon). 13. Arthur Maitland (photo by Chickering). 14. Jessie Milward (photo by Chickering). 15. Captain Jack Brewer (photo by Eddowes). 16. Marjory Carle (photo by Hall). 17. William Courtleigh (photo by Falk). 18. Mabel Bouton (photo by Evans). 19. Emma Carus (photo by Glines). 20. Virginia Jackson (photo by Eddowes). 21. Mabel Dixey (photo by Dunturff). 22. Grace Williams (photo by Baker). 23. Margot Hobart (photo by Eddowes). 24. Laura Burrows (Copyright, 1898, by Falk).

Photograph
by
Schloss,
New
York
City.



MADGE
LESSING
IN
A
STUNNING
NEW
COSTUME.



1. Jane Burby. 2. Helen Brackett. 3. Virginia Barnes. 4. May Irwin. 5. Helen Lacey. 6. Marcia Treadwell. 7. Aileen May. 8. Nellie Butler. Scene from "Kate Kip, Buyer," the new farce in which May Irwin is making a hit this season.

(From flashlight photograph by Joseph Byron).

Now Ready for the Public !



Volume II (from October, '98 to March, '99 inclusive) of

The Broadway Magazine

If you have already secured Vol. I of the Broadway Magazine you will be prepared to accept the statement that **Volume II** is worth getting if you have to give up charlotte russe for a week and walk instead of enjoying the luxuriousness of a cable car.

Volume II is much better than Volume I for the simple reason that the Broadway Magazine has improved wonderfully in the past six months. We know this from the fact that our circulation has increased with every issue and

that proof is tangible enough for us.

It goes without saying that Volume II contains a lot of footlight pictures; there are fully one thousand of them.

There are pictures of beauties from New York, Paris, London and Black Canyon, Arizona.

There are snap shots that cannot be found in any other publication.

The caricatures are always amusing.

There are dozens of pictures of giddy soubrettes and as many more of others who are not soubrettes but who are just as dashy and up-to-date.

You can get all these features with plenty more not enumerated here, done up gayly, but not gaudily, in red cloth with gilt letters for the inconsiderable sum of **\$1.00**.

We don't pretend to have a whole barnful of these volumes at this or any other price. We have a fair supply, however, and will continue to send them to the public so long as the volumes or the dollars last.

Come early and avoid the rush and don't forget the dollar.

THE BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO., 1123 Broadway, N. Y. City.

GETTING TO BE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD! WHAT?

The back numbers of THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE!

NOT A BACK NUMBER BY A LONG SHOT.

In this number. It would move a wooden Indian.

It isn't difficult to know what the public still thinks of the **SEPTEMBER** Number because it comes into the office frequently and asks for it with palpitating eagerness. So it will be glad to hear now that the price is only ten cents. Harold Halfcalf's corrugated book-reviews make their first appearance this month and have been continued up to date. Gorgeous photographs and brilliant sketches of feminine beauties blaze out here and there.

OCTOBER.—Was jolly and merry. Look at the full-pages of Alice Judson, Maude King, Lola Hawthorne, Clara Betz (with story about her astonishing poses), Yolande Wallace, Catherine Linyard, Jennie Hawley, Hope Booth, Marie Tempest, Jessica Sheldon, Mabel Bouton, Josie DeWitt, Elizabeth Padgett. Astonishing editorials. Attractive cover. **Price 10 cents.**

NOVEMBER.—In this there are full-pages of Phyllis Young, Vashti Earl, Rosa Masso, Marie Celeste, Carrie Fulton, Marie Studholme, Imogene Commer, Mignon Hann, and Rose Le Moyne. There are some striking theatrical posters by Archie Gunn and others. That very naughty farce "The Turtle" is written up and illustrated as no other magazine could do it. The story "When Passion Leads the Way" is full of power. You see, too, Weber's and Fields' faces, and also those of some well-known New York newspaper artists. **Price 10 cents.**

The **DECEMBER** Number has a series of splendid cartoons of some well-known Broadway people. Also mention and photographs of the theatrical features of the month, to say nothing of the humor and verse and the doorway crack photographs (buy the magazine and see what that means) and hundreds of attractive features. **Price, the usual 10 cents.**

With the **JANUARY** Number the year 1899 brilliantly started. "Gin Fizzes and Things," "Upper Broadway Snap-Shots," and the Red Soubrette's giddy gossip canter madly through this number, and all is gay and bright, tra la. The pictures of pretty footlights are sparkling.

Last month, the **FEBRUARY** Number, was more than usually insouciant (French), roty (English), and corkey (American). And in fact it can't be disguised that the **BROADWAY MAGAZINE** is the uppest-to-date, firstest-in-the-ringest, unbeatablest periodical on the stands of the country.

So, if you want to speculate a few dimes in a stock that beats the band read over the above seventeen times and communicate with

THE BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.,**1123 Broadway, New York City.**

As for number 1, April 1898, you can't get it, because it's out of print.

The **MAY** Number is a beautiful one and is full of meat. Beauty, daintiness, humor and more than your money's worth shimmer fascinatingly through its pages. And it costs 25 cents.

The **JUNE** Number is ten cents and is as good, but we have more copies left. There are many pages of photographs, 55 altogether, of pretty women. This was a great number, too, and is a capital book of reference, for that reason alone. It has the ships, it has the men, and it has other things, too, eminently Broadway Magaziney.

Few **JULY** Magazines sold as rapidly as the July Broadway, because it reflected the smart vacation life of that part of the year so well. The bathing pictures in it set the town wild, and with reason. Dainty ankles, pretty faces, and lovely figures rewarded the skimming eye and yet it was, and is, only 10 cents.

The **AUGUST** Broadway achieved even a greater success, and a second edition was hastily called for by the American News Company. "Gin Fizzes and Things" started in this number and took the town by storm. Yet there was no extra charge. **Ten cents**, like the others. By the way, don't miss the picture of Edna Wallace Hopper's searching gaze



ARTISTS' MODELS AND ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

A girl, a camera and some drapery.

Posed and photographed by R. L. Curran, of New York, one of the recognized camera experts of the East.



ARTISTS' MODELS AND ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Two girls this time, but the same old drapery.

Mr. Curran calls this "The Sisters of Space." He knows.



ARTISTS' MODELS AND ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

These are the same sisters, only you can see that one of them has awakened and is looking at something on the ceiling.

Mr. Curran calls this—we forget what he calls it.



ARTISTS' MODELS AND ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Here they are again, but this time the other sister is awake.

No doubt, Mr. Curran calls this "Turn About is Fair Play."

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as
Beautifies the skin.
No other cosmetic
will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haughtiest (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.'" For sale by all Druggists and

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"Young man," said the young woman's father, "you have boasted several times that you possess an honoured name."

"Yes, sir," replied the suitor, haughtily.

"Well, may I inquire what bank it will be honoured at and for how much?"

YES, IT DOES

cure Dyspepsia and all forms of Indigestion. Promptly relieves your distress. It cured the manufacturer, and it will cure you. An honest remedy. Forwarded, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents. Mention this paper.

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The Stanlaws Girl in all Her Glory!

IN THE NEW

Illustrated American Magazine.

THE March number of the new ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, now for sale on the newsstands, is utterly different from any other publication; its pictures are beautifully done, and, from cover to cover, the March number of the new ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will appeal to lovers of the dainty, unique, and remarkable in the line of illustrations. It is only necessary to glance over the names of the contributors to this number in order to be convinced that it is not in the class of the mediocre. Among the famous American artists who have contributed their best work to this number are:

*A. B. Wenzell,
Hamilton Kings,
Penrhyn Stanlaws,
Henry Mayer,
W. H. Funk,
E. Pollak,*

*W. E. B. Starkweather,
Ethel Johnson,
E. B. Baker,
Phil May,
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In addition to these illustrators there will be sketches, short stories, and other bright reading matter by clever fictionists and feuilletonists.

There are also four insets in color.

The March number of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MAGAZINE is notable more for its dainty, high-class pictorial beauty than for ponderous seriousness. Good taste, however, characterizes the magazine from cover to cover.

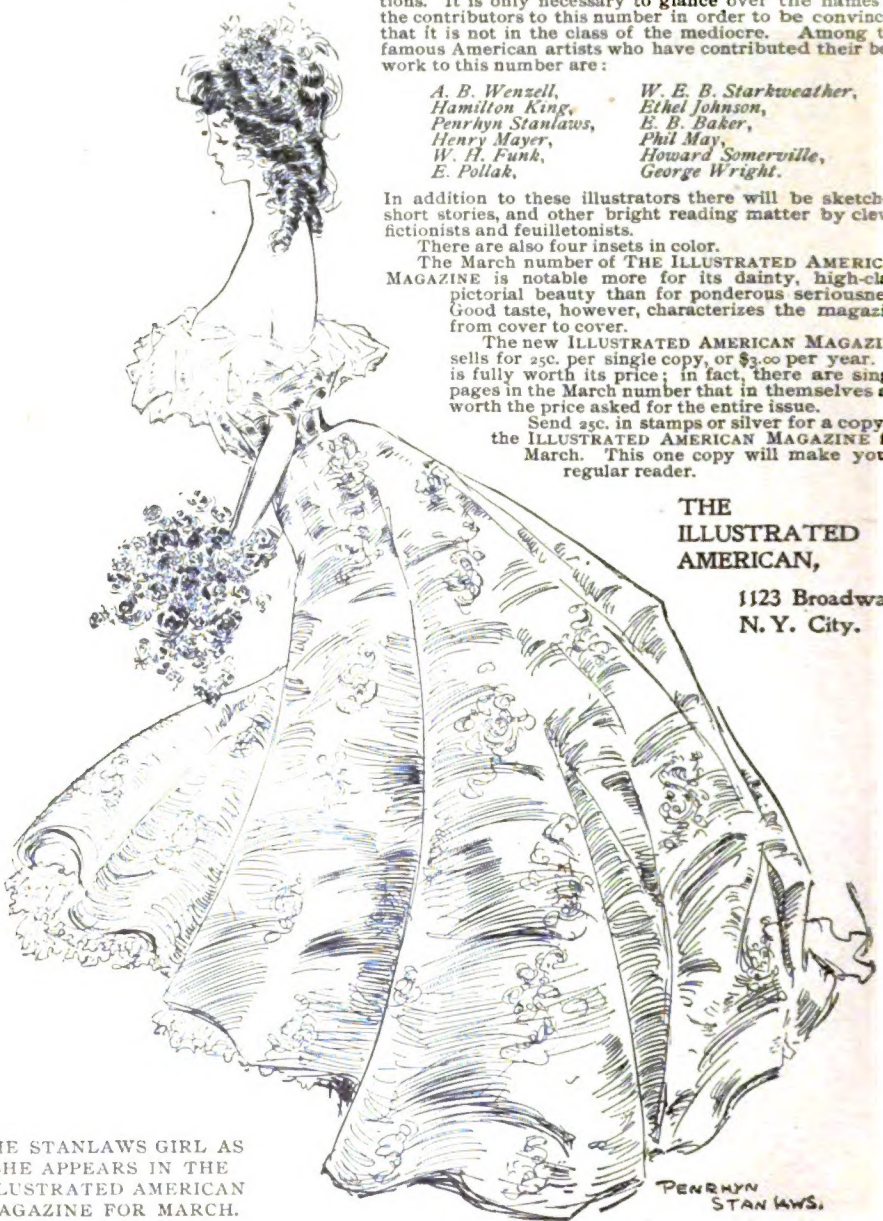
The new ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MAGAZINE sells for 25c. per single copy, or \$3.00 per year. It is fully worth its price; in fact, there are single pages in the March number that in themselves are worth the price asked for the entire issue.

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SHE APPEARS IN THE
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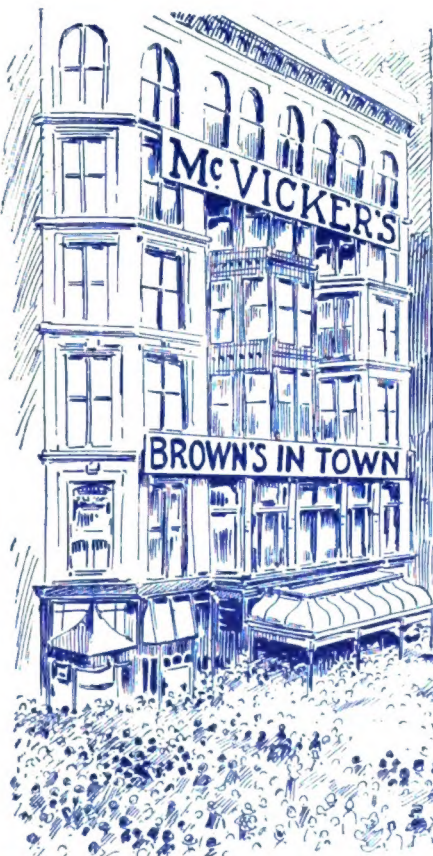
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